

176

Voice

Guitar

A midst grey work ing days as they float by there fall at times some beams that still shine

183

on in mem' ry's crow ded cells. And as we lie in eves to come on

193

re dreamt hours long gone, some will not go un seen.

203

But stand ing there as mile stones on the path we trod they will re call where passed this thor ough fare

211

and laugh where we once laughed, where we laughed at thrills so odd.

221

For there are that would buy lost hours of joy and

221

230

map fair days to hold them, and go far and fur ther still, to find how all did

230

238

cloy at the hour they passed them by, where they still are a wait ing our re turn.

238

246

For on ly he who lit tle wants ne'er want ed more to be.

246

257

257

*Chorus in with bar 257*